

Bucks County

MARCH ★ 1969 ★ 25¢

1. Swift Family

PANORAMA

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Bucks County **PANORAMA**

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CALENDAR

of

EVENTS

March, 1969

- 1-31 Washington Crossing — Narration and Famous Painting "Washington crossing the Delaware," Daily 9 to 5 at 1/2 hour intervals. Memorial Building.
- 1-31 Washington Crossing — Thompson-Neely House furnished with pre-Revolutionary pieces, Rt. 32, Washington Crossing State Park. Open Weekdays 10 to 5 p.m., Sundays and holidays 1 to 5 p.m.
- 1-31 Washington Crossing — Old Ferry Inn, Rt. 532 at the bridge. Restored Revolutionary furniture, gift and snack shop where Washington Punch is sold. Open daily 9 to 5 p.m. Sunday and holidays 1 to 5 p.m.
- 1-31 Washington Crossing — Taylor House, built in 1812 by Mahlon K. Taylor, now serves as headquarters for the Washington Crossing Park Commission. Open to public weekdays 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m., Saturday 8:30 to 11:00 a.m.
- 1-31 Morrisville — Pennsbury Manor, the re-created Country Estate of William Penn. Original Manor House was built in 1683. Open daily 9 to 4:30 p.m. Sunday 1 to 4:30 p.m. Admission 50 cents.
- 1-31 Pineville — Wilmar Lapidary Art Museum. The Country's largest private collection of hand-carved semiprecious stones. Open to public Tues. thru Sat. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun 1 to 5 p.m. Admission 50 cents.
- 1-31 Bristol — The Margaret R. Grundy Memorial Museum, 610 Radcliffe St. Victorian Decor. Hours: Tues., Thurs. and Sat. 1 to 3 p.m. Other times by appointment.
- 1-31 Doylestown — Mercer Museum, Pine and Ashland Sts., Tues., thru Sat. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
- 1-31 Churchville — The Nature Education Center. Open Daily 9 to 5 p.m. Sun. 2 to 5 p.m. Family Nature Programs Sun. 2 p.m.
- 1-31 Telford — Lockwood Galleries, 345 Church Rd. Winter show. Paintings, sculpture, pottery and weaving exhibits. Hours: Eve. 6 to 10 p.m., Sat. and Sun. 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
- 1-13 Warminster — Fischer & Porter Co., County Line Rd. Art Exhibit. One man show, Walter Geisler, Mon. thru Fri. 8:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.
- 1 Perkasio — Pennridge Jaycees Combination dance and battle of the bands competition at the Pennridge High School, 5th St., 7 to 11 p.m. Tickets can be purchased at the door.
- 1 Washington Crossing — Children's Nature Walk. Bowman's Hill Wildflower Preserve Headquarters, 10 to 11:30 a.m.
- 2 Washington Crossing — Adult Nature Hike. Bowman's Hill Wildflower Preserve Hdqrs., 2 to 3 p.m.

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tled in Southampton, he was made a judge in the Bucks County courts. He acted as attorney for many local people in their legal transactions, principally deeds of property.

The most important political position that John Swift held was that of elected member of the Provincial General Assembly. First elected in 1689, he served for almost 30 years in this legislative body. When we realize that only 4 men were elected from each county (increased to 6 after 1702), we can appreciate John Swift's importance. For example, his responsibilities in 1692 and 1693 in the Assembly included voting on such issues as selling rum to the Indians, imprisonment of rioters, scandalous reports of false news, the price of beer, the custom on hides, speaking loosely or profanely of Almighty God, a man's having two wives, the fortification of the province, erecting a post office, and measures to take against privateers and pirates. (The Pennsylvania legislators of today don't have any monopoly on sticky problems, it would seem.)

John Swift had one other consuming interest — religion. He was a Quaker, of course, as were the majority of the first colonists in Penn's province. However, in 1690 and 1691, an Early American dissident by the name of George Keith created quite a stir in the area. Keith, a Quaker, spoke and wrote vehemently against orthodox Quaker doctrines, particularly the doctrine of the Inner Light. An extremely persuasive orator, he succeeded in winning half of the 32 Friends Meetings in the greater Philadelphia area over to his side. This Schism of 1691 was quite a chaotic affair. Keith established separatist Meetings of his "Keithian Quakers" all over the province. One such Meeting was held at none other than John Swift's house, for he was a follower of Keith.



The Meeting at Swift's started in 1691 and continued until 1702 when he moved to Philadelphia, still keeping his legal residence in Southampton, however. The minister to this group was John Hart of Warminster. He later became a Baptist minister, and indeed, most members of this Meeting also became Baptists. They were the beginning of the historic Old Southampton Baptist Church, the second oldest church in Bucks County.

John Swift also converted to the Baptist faith and was called to the ministry in the summer of 1702. According to the Baptist tradition, he was re-baptized in 1704. Although never formally ordained, Swift served as assistant preacher for nine years at the Baptist churches in Pennepack and Philadelphia. Then, as sometimes happens, Swift had a clash of personalities with the newly appointed minister at the Pennepack Baptist Church, the Rev. Abel Morgan, in 1711. He began to neglect his duties at church and this unfortunate situation dragged on until 1724 when Swift was called to account by the church authorities. But his indifference to the church continued and in 1730 John Swift was excommunicated from the Baptist Church.

John Swift died in 1732, at which time he was living on one of the properties he had bought in Bensalem Township. An inventory of his goods and chattels shows that he died in comfortable circumstances. Valued at 2,348 pounds, 14 shillings, and 3 1/2 pence, his possessions included such varied items as a silver watch, two silver spoons, books and furniture, bonds and notes in the amount of 2,166 pounds, 10 shillings, and 3 1/2 pence, one Negro man named Prince, one Negro boy named Roger, one Negro girl named Jenny, one Mulatto girl named Sarah, 6 horses, 22 sheep, and 14 horned cattle. His will dated February 17, 1732 reads as follows:

In the name of God amen. I, John Swift, of the township of Bensalem in the County of Bucks being now sick and weak of body but sound mind and memory do make

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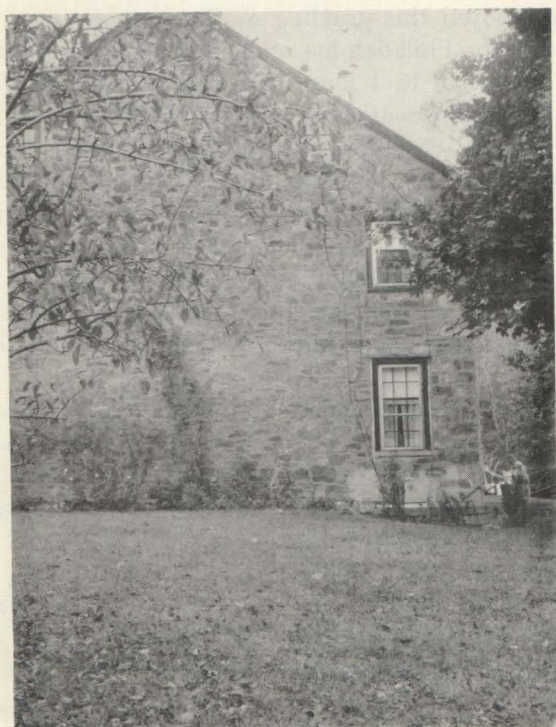




Photo by Don Boorse.

"Will you marry me?" sang the man at the door. He wasn't trying to woo her, or even ask her to perform his marriage ceremony. He just wanted to have some papers notarized. But on a beautiful autumn day, this was his way of extending an affectionate greeting to his favorite Justice of the Peace, Mary B. Summerfield.

Now 70, Mrs. Summerfield has been a J.P. for the last 15 years, and is one of the most popular ladies in Dublin Borough, a quiet farming community about six miles north west of Doylestown. Dublin has a population of about 600 people, and Mary Summerfield knows just about all of them.

She is also one of the busiest people for miles around. "When I retired from school teaching in 1961," she says, "I had no intention of retiring to a rocking chair. I planned things carefully. The organizations I joined and the work I undertook all meshed together to provide me with a busy and exciting life."

The result is that in her so-called "leisure years" she is more active than most people are during their peak years!

In addition to being a J.P., she recently retired after 9 years as secretary to the Dublin Borough Council, is a Republican Committeewoman, census enumerator of the Pennridge School District for Dublin, and the chief telephone attendant in Harrisburg for the State House of Representatives for the 1967-68 legislative session.

BUCKS COUNTY J.P.

by Caryl F. Lutz

A native Pennsylvanian, Mrs. Summerfield was born in Millersburg, a small town in Dauphin County. She graduated from Shippensburg Normal School in 1918. Her teaching career began in a one room school in the town of Burnt Cabins, Fulton County, where she did everything from cleaning the school to stoking the furnace. She came to Philadelphia in 1921, and subsequently spent 33 years teaching general science at Penn Treaty Junior High School in the Fishtown section. In her spare time, she earned a B.S. degree from Temple University and did graduate work there.

Mrs. Summerfield and her late husband owned and operated the Ottsville Inn on Rte. 611 from 1948 to 1953. During that time, in addition to teaching at Penn Treaty, which involved a drive of over 40 miles each way every school day, Mrs. Summerfield prepared food and baked pastries at night to care for the Inn's guests.

She enjoyed this grueling routine, explaining, "I was happy in the Philadelphia School system! I loved teaching, and outside of it, I found my greatest satisfaction and most rewarding work as adviser to the student council."

It was in 1954, after moving to her present home in Dublin, that she was appointed Justice of the Peace to fill a vacancy, and is now serving her third term which runs until 1974. In this role, she has such diverse duties as performing marriages, issuing dog complaints, notarizing documents, settling claims under \$500, coping with criminal charges and traffic violations. "It's all in the day's work," she says.

"Squire" Summerfield had not yet retired from teaching when first appointed J.P. However, she very soon became an active member of the Bucks County Magistrates' Association, and served as vice-president in 1957, and president a year later. She also worked as an instructor for 10 years in the Association's educational program.

One of the high points of her retirement life was her service from 1962 to 1966 on the Church Council of St. Luke's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Dublin. There she

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Medicinal Use of Plants

by Alexandra Richards



Ice mantled the March fields around the small cabin. Gusts of wind swept fir tree branches like a broom dusting the skies. Beyond the rutted roadway, the cabin bowed into its small hill, smoke thrusting up from the clay chimney.

In this and other isolated homes in colonial America, there would be a need for the medicinal herbs that were grown and collected in summer and autumn. These plants took the place of modern medicines of today. Knowledge and use of the medicinal herbs were as necessary as the corn that was cultivated in the fields.

In this cabin a man tossed restlessly on a cot, afflicted with a late winter ailment. His wife bustled between fireplace and cot. Gently, she applied her poultices, and poured soothing teas.

The colonial wife had her own medicine chest. Usually she grew various herbs in her summer garden. In the fall there would be a gathering of the many colored flowers, roots, leaves and bark. The plants would be tied in bunches and strung to a beam or rafter in kitchen or attic for drying.

There would be hoarhound gathered for coughs and colds. The hoarhound would be boiled together with molasses and tar in a cloth bag. When it hardened, the result would be something like present day cough drops.

For colicky babies there was catnip, or catmint. Comfrey was dug for its roots. These were mashed with pork fat and used as a soothing salve for bruises. Poultices were also made of this for sore throats.

The same sage used in cooking would be stewed into a cup of hot water as an aid in digestion. For the fainting woman, camomile tea was administered as a stimulant. Its leaves and flowers were used in fomentations and poultices. When first extracted, camomile oil is light

blue. It was treasured also as a tonic tea to purify blood.

Dogwood was good for chills and liver complaints. Foxglove was given for heart ailments. Balsam apple was steeped in whiskey for several weeks, after which it was used for cuts and sores.

In the springtime when dandelions first appeared, many families gathered the emerald green leaves. They were brewed into a palatable soup and used against chills and fever. Children were dosed with the tangy brew to "cleanse their blood."

If dandelion season was late, there was boneset, exaporium and tansy.

Older people usually had a goodly supply of wild carrot ferns for kidney trouble. On their shelves, also, stood carefully wrapped hoards of yarrow and jimson weed for astringent, and asthma. Later, there would be mayapple or mandrake for liver complaints.

Many of the medicinal herbs could also be used as flavoring in the kitchen. Wintergreen added a refreshing tang to tea and jellies. Cooked and strained into a liquid, it became a soothing rub for rheumatism. Its cooling bite into the skin seemed to circulate the blood better and cause an easing to enflamed joints.

The low-growing pennyroyal plant which gives forth a minty flavor was used also as medicine. There were peppermint and spearmint, usually to be found growing wild. The lemony odor of melissa officinalis, a member of the mint family, gave balm, used to induce sleep.

For those who believed in witchcraft, there was rue, called the herb of grace and used as holy water to sprinkle against a pox. For those who scoffed at witchcraft, rue had its aromatic and medicinal properties. Beyond that, rue is the ancient symbol of sorrow.

(continued on page 20)

EPISODES IN CAIRO - I



by Dr. Arthur E. Bye

The elevator boy in "The Cleopatra" said his name was Ali. He was a good-sized boy for an Egyptian, well built, seemed to be about 18 and looked handsome in his red jacket and cap. He asked, "How long you stay here?"

"About two weeks, perhaps three", I replied.

"Hope you like Cairo," Ali said. "You want change money?"

I realized I hadn't any small coins for a tip, so I told him I had a pound (\$2.40) to change. When we went in the room with my bags, I handed him the one-pound note, and he counted out the change which he laid on the table. I gave him five piastres (12 cents) which seemed to please him for he thanked me politely and bowed hurriedly out of the room.

I went over to the window which filled the entire end of the room, and looked over the city. Cairo was spread out before me in an endless panorama of apartment houses, government, and office buildings, rosy in the bright sunlight. Here and there were the domes and minarets of mosques; straight before me a tall, slender round tower, of fantastic design, seemingly made of lace, which I had learned from my guide book was new, and called "The Tower of Cairo". I could not help comparing it with the Washington Monument which is a barren copy of an Egyptian obelisk, but, while the Tower of Cairo is alive, the monument is dead. Only after gazing at this lovely spire did I realize the Nile was between us, glittering, but serene, with boats sailing past its park-like shores. Then I looked further off, and behold, on the horizon, I could see the pyramids.

There was not a cloud in the sky.

After meditating upon this for a while, I turned to count out the change on the table. The money was new to me, so I counted it over and over again, until I became

sure Ali had given me 20 piastres (50 cents) too much.

When I went below to look about and see a little of the town, I said to Ali in the elevator, "I think you made a mistake when you changed that pound for me."

Ali looked worried. "No! No," he repeated.

"You look in your pockets," I continued.

Ali stopped the elevator, took all the money out of his pockets to show me, then muttered, "How much I give you?"

"You gave me 20 piastres too much, didn't you?" I asked him, "And here it is."

His face brightened into a joyful smile, his long dark eyelashes quivering, he took my hand and shook it. (I found out later the Egyptians are always shaking hands.) "We good friends," he exclaimed. "Very good friends. Thank you."

The next morning I took a stroll along the embankments of the Nile to watch the shipping, and the busy life in general, but was never left alone for a minute without a shoe-shine boy demanding to shine my already perfectly clean shoes for one piastre — only one — or a peddler trying to sell me a silver bracelet, or a sly fellow whispering didn't I want to change some money? It was difficult not to pay attention to the little boys who were clad in what seemed to be nothing but dirty night-gowns, yet were really cunning. For they had eight little brothers at home, starving unless they, the shoe-shine boys, brought home some money.

As I was returning to the hotel, trying to cross the crowded streets, evading the endless traffic, someone, noticing that I didn't walk quite right, took me by the arm, and helped me across.

"You let me help you, sir," the man explained, "You are new in Cairo." And when we got across, he continued, "Please come with me — I want show you my shop."

"Thanks," I replied. "Thanks very much, but I am not buying anything yet. Later, before I go home perhaps."

"All right, but you are American gentleman who gave my brother Ali back 20 piastres. I know. Please come with me. My shop is right here." (I will not attempt to use the phraseology of Egyptians speaking English, because it would sound childish and illiterate, whereas these people I came to know were well educated, and spoke English well.)

I was, of course, astonished that he knew me, so I went with him, and as soon as he had ushered me within his door, he bowed and said, "Welcome, my father, my shop is yours."

It's difficult for me to describe my reaction to this greeting. I didn't know what to say, looking about the shop which was filled from floor to ceiling with objects of art and craft of every kind, lamps, camel-saddles, ivory boxes, leather bags, copper trays, shelves of clothing, cases of alabaster vases, jewelry and silver, I couldn't take the shop keeper's remark seriously, so I had to laugh.

"You'd better be careful what you tell me," I finally replied. "If this is my shop, there are a lot of things I might take away."

But the merchant was serious. He repeated what he had said on the street, "You are the gentleman who returned Ali 20 piastres."

"That was nothing," I said.

"Yes, you are right, money is nothing, but honesty is everything."

So I stayed and chatted with him. I found out his name was Abou El Latif Khattab, Abdelatif, for short, or just Said which his friends call him. He did not resemble Ali at all, for he was shorter and darker, with piercing eyes, short sharp nose, thoughtful countenance, and he talked quickly with a crisp pronunciation, rolling his r-r-r's like a Scotchman, which is characteristic of Egyptian speech. After a while his partner, named Ismail, came in and we had coffee. Egyptian coffee is something that needs description. It seems to be made by half-filling a small brass ladle with powdered coffee (not instant) adding water and heating it over a burner, then pouring it into a demi-tasse. The coffee is not dissolved, and one drinks a granular mixture which tastes like American coffee after it has been standing in the dregs overnight. I describe it because I had it so often at Said's and got to like it.

Said's shop, or mine, was called "The Lotus Shop". It was an interesting gathering place for all sorts of people. I was always welcome with "Come in my father" — a designation, which in the course of time I found out was just a term of respect for an old man. One afternoon I met a Coptic gentleman who explained to me that he was a pure Egyptian, descended from the Pharaohs, that the Copts had been Christians since the first century and comprised 25% of the population; this is an exaggeration and 18% seems to be more nearly correct. Said's family are Arabs; up until recently they were a privileged caste

and proud of it.

I discussed all sorts of subjects with various acquaintances who came in; Said's father-in-law who was a dragoman or licensed guide and dressed always in Arab robes, his other brother Nourredin, and other relatives named Mohammed, Raagh and Ibrahim.

Said is a religious man, a devout Moslem. At 6:30 P.M. he must say his prayers. The first time he said "Now I must pray to Allah." It was in the shop, he took off his shoes and socks, washed his feet, hands and face in a large pewter basin, put a mat on the floor, and knelt down, bending his head to the ground. Ismail and I went on with our conversation. Ismail whispered to me, "I do not that — you know — I am not religious. Said a good man and cares not if I not pray like him."

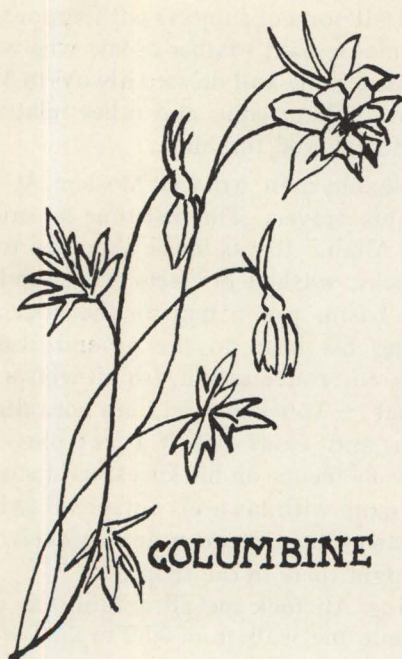
After a few moments on his knees, Said stood up and prayed some more with his arms outspread (which by the way is the early Christian attitude of prayer). It was all very natural right there in the shop.

One morning Ali took me all around the old part of Cairo. He made me walk from 9:30 to 2:30 without any lunch because it was Ramadan — the month of fasting when no good Moslem eats any food from sunrise to sunset. We visited the magnificent mosque of Mohammed Ali, going inside (taking off our shoes first, of course) the old palace of the Khedives, the ancient fort. We went through tortuous streets and winding alleys where all sorts of work was going on — markets — small shops. I had my penknife sharpened by a scissor's grinder, the like of which I hadn't seen for 70 years. There were organ grinders too, men being shaved on the streets, furniture repaired on the sidewalks, donkeys, ragamuffins, veiled women, cafes in darkened courtyards, garbage, no saloons, no drunks (I haven't seen a drunken man in the aloons, no drunks (I haven't seen a drunken man in the month I've been here) — but plenty of noisy quarreling.

Both Ali and Said had been talking for sometime about having me out to their home for a meal, and to meet the family. But we had to wait for Ramadan to be over. Then it would be "Christmas" as the Moslems, when talking to a Christian, call the celebration after the last day of fasting.

Finally the morning after "Christmas" which was a holiday, we went out on a bus to their village. The Khat-tabs lived at Gizeh at the foot of the pyramids. To my dumbfounded surprise we got off at a golf club, to which Said belonged. He had arranged for me to play golf, but I was a whole lifetime out of practice and didn't want to dig up all the meagre supply of green grass they had. Moreover, I much preferred to follow him, and the other players around the links and marvel at the fact this golf course was at the very foot of the pyramids. Every tourist, I presume, goes to Gizeh with the picture in his mind that the pyramids are surrounded by desert, with camels and camel drivers in the foreground. This is true

(continued on page 15)



I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine.

Shakespeare

Rosemary, for remembrance, pinks for pity, snowdrops for hope, and violets for modesty. They all grew in the old fashioned garden. The flowers of yesterday were like a letter springing from the soil.

Until this century, the language of the flowers was well known. The amaranth showed immortality, the amaryllis pride. The aster indicated variety or afterthought. The buttercup spoke of ingratitude and the Canterbury bell showed constancy. Columbine meant folly and the daffodil declared self love. The eglantine was a flower of poetry and the forget-me-not graced every garden.

Geraniums bore a variety of messages. Rose-scented, they meant preference. Scarlet was a show of stupidity, while wild geraniums meant steadfast piety.

The hyacinth indicated play, and iris carried an unknown message. Jasmine was amiableness, jonquils were desire and lavender mistrust. Marigolds said grief, the primrose held to childhood, and the rose spoke of love.

These gardens have disappeared. Where does one now see the old fashioned garden that burst with color and perfume? They come to mind, heavily scented with pinks, gilly-flowers, golden crowned daisies rimmed with satin white sides, poppies that silkened in the sun, sweet scented amaranths from India, and asters from China.

an old fashioned GARDEN

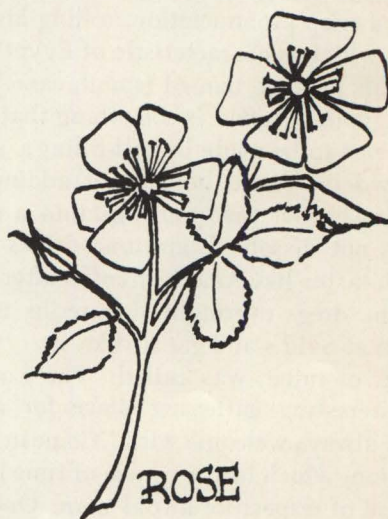
by Virginia Castleton Thomas

Hollyhocks stalked upward with pleated flowers and the clinging clematis vine sent its tendrils everywhere.

In earlier days, a home usually had three gardens. The flower, fruit and kitchen garden were oblong or squares around a house. Gravel walks created aisles between the plots. Winter greens edged the growing areas in a soft green carpet.

This plan was a copy of the gardens of London of nearly 300 years ago. From the flower garden, a dozen varieties mingled their perfume and color. There were anemones, hyacinths, daffodils, cowslips, campanulas, Indian pinks, flower-gentle, and roses heavy on their stems.

The rose was prized above all. Climbing, it arched over trellises, bowed over fences, and angled around arbors. Multifloras and noisettes were among the first grown in this country. Beauty of the prairies joined them, along with blush roses and eglantines. The English brought their eglantine bush rose, the Huguenots their French rose, and the Germans their canina, or dog rose.



In the kitchen garden there were beds of sage, thyme, tansy grown for its decorative leaves and aromatic taste, mint and hops. The hop vine sprang upward on poles, from spring until autumn. The housewife stepped outdoors

(continued on page 18)



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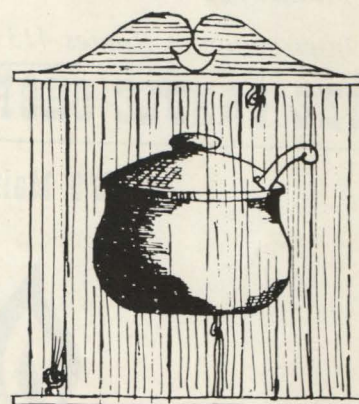
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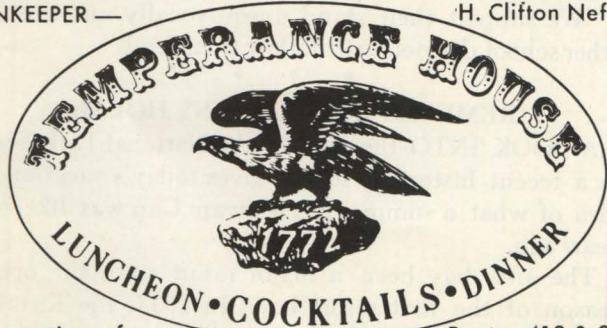


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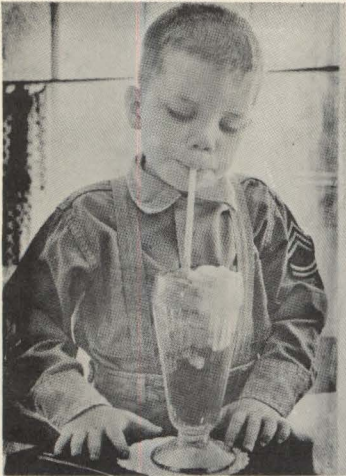
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SAT., 9:30 A.M. - 1:30 P.M.

348-2040



Rambling with Russ

by

A. Russell Thomas

VETERANS DAY, AS WE SEE IT

... ONE of the highlights of the VFW legislative program brought out at the recent Mid-winter Conference in Williamsport, was support for a bill to make Veterans Day a school holiday in Pennsylvania and a renewed effort to restore prayers to the classroom.

STATE COMMANDER Eugene R. Manfrey of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, said that the Department is backing House Bill 30 which would create a school holiday on Veterans Day.

"We feel that this day, which honors the veterans of all our wars, should be appropriately celebrated each year," said Commander Manfrey.

... THIS RAMBLER agrees that if the young people of this Commonwealth are to understand the important historic role played by our veterans, they must be free to participate in Veterans Day as completely as possible.

Commander Manfrey also praised the action of the Clariton, Pa. school district which recently authorized the return of prayers to the classroom. I am quite certain that the large majority of members of the VFW in Bucks and adjoining counties think this same way.

In line with several convention mandates calling for a resumption of the practice of paying homage to our Lord at some point during the school day, Commander Manfrey comments:

"We support their stand unequivocally and trust that other school districts will follow their lead."

* * *

REMEMBER KITTATINNY HOUSE

A LOOK INTO the past by the National Park Service in a recent historical survey gives today's vacationer an idea of what a summer in Delaware Gap was like many years ago.

The area has been a major resort since the opening season of the first resort hotel in 1833, the Kittatinny House. Big wooden hotels crowned the prominent viewpoints and the vicinity was a favorite summer resort. Visi-

tors then enjoyed the same qualities in the area as they do now: the fresh mountain air, the magnificent view over the Delaware Water Gap, scenic and natural wonders of the area and an escape from the cities to the quiet rural setting.

Unlike today's tourist, however, the summer traveler of the early 1900's provided his own entertainment. Those with musical talent entertained the others, or resorters might plan entertainment for the rest of the group such as a masquerade ball.

Photographs in the Park Service survey show women in long full dresses riding on burros and walking along trails. The attire was different but recreational activities at the turn of the century were the same as those of today — riding, hiking, swimming, boating [canoes, not speed boats] and camping.

This Rambler remembers several trips to The Kittatinny House with my parents for Bux-Mont Press League outings. Facilities to woo guests there included elevator, gas, electric bells and an excellent orchestra. . . also steam heat for spring and autumn guests.

One of the more elegant hotels in the area I remember was the Delaware House opened in 1869. It was located across the road from the Delaware Water Gap railroad station and accommodated 40 guests.

Features of the Delaware House were steam heat, gas Welsback lights, hot and cold baths on all floors, and electric call bells in every room.

These extravagances probably were the reason for the exorbitant rates — \$2 a day and \$10 a week.

Kittatinny House was the first resort hotel in the Delaware Water Gap area and had its first season in 1833. It burned to the ground nearly a hundred years later and the site is now occupied by billboards.

Scenic attractions of the early 1900's can still be visited today. Water falls, rock formations and trails are open to the tourist, even though altered by highways and hot dog stands.

* * *

ONE FOR THE BOOK

YOU COULD write a book about things that happen in criminal court these days, but often there are not enough reporters on hand to cover the news.

President Judge Edward G. Biester of the Bucks County Common Pleas Court is always good for a news comment. The distinguished jurist was on the bench recently when a Warminster Township concrete contractor appeared before him in a trial without a jury on a charge of assault and battery on his divorced wife, a Plumsteadville nurse.

The defendant owed a lot of back support money and had been in trouble on numerous occasions until Bucks County Department of Collections caught up with him. The defendant denied his divorced wife's allegations, and Judge Biester very leniently sentenced the offender to pay a fine of \$50 and costs and placed him on probation

(continued on page 19)

Contemporary Weddings

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(continued from page 3)

- 2 Doylestown — Mercer Museum, Pine and Ashland Sts., Film on American Heritage. "The Titans U. S. A. The Rise to World Power", 2 p.m. Contributions are expected, students are admitted free.
- Weekends Washington Crossing — Nature Education Center, Rt. 32 Sat. and Sun. 3 p.m. Free.
- 4 Washington Crossing — Wildflower Propagation. Series A. Session 3, Cuttings. Bowman's Hill Wildflower Preserve Hdqrs. 10 a.m. to 12 noon.
- 6,7,8 New Hope — Bucks County Theatre Co. at the Bucks County Playhouse. "Our Town" Thurs. 10:30 a.m., and 7:30 p.m.; Fri. 10:30 a.m. and 8:30 p.m., Sat. Mar. 8, 2:00 and 8:30 p.m.; Sat. Mar. 15, 8:30 p.m. only. Tickets — Write Box 223, New Hope, 18938 or call 215-862-2022, rates for groups.
- 13,14,15
- 7 Fairless Hills — Delaware Valley Philharmonic Orchestra featuring violinist Norma Auth, Performing Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole for Violin and Orchestra. Bishop Eagan High. 8:30 p.m. Tickets: adults \$2.50; students \$1.00 in advance or at box office.
- 7 Warminster — Warminster Symphony Orchestra presents a regular concert at the Log College Jr. High, Norristown Rd. 8:30 p.m. Adults \$1.00; students \$.50.
- 5-26 New Hope — Golden Door Gallery. One-Man Show. Russell Jones of New Hope, daily 11 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Fri. and Sat. evenings 7:30 to 10:30 p.m., Sun. 1 to 5 p.m.
- 8 New Hope — Pro Musica Society. Concert at Bucks Co. Playhouse. Tickets \$4.50. For further information call 794-5005.
- 8 Langhorne — MISS BUCKS COUNTY PAGENT. At Neshaminy High School. 8 p.m. Tickets may be purchased from Lower Bucks County Chamber of Commerce, Fairless Hills, Pa. 19030.
- 8 Washington Crossing — Boy and Girl Scout Nature and Conservation instruction. Bowman's Hill Wildflower Preserve Headquarters. All Day.
- 9 Newtown — Faculty recital by Elizabeth Lamb (cello) at the George School, Walton Center, Rt. 413, 2 p.m.
- 11 Washington Crossing — Winter Identification of Trees and shrubs. Session 3 — Bowman's Hill Wildflower Preserve Headquarters. 10 a.m. to 12 noon.
- 12 Doylestown — Annual Craft Day planned by the Extension Homemakers' Week Alumnae. For information call Cooperative Extension Service, Neshaminy Manor Center. 215-343-2800.
- 13 Doylestown — Fashion Show — M'lady's costumes from early generations as well as up to the minute styles. James-Lorah Auditorium, 132 N. Main St. 1:30 p.m. Sponsored by Women's Committee of the Bucks County Historical Society.
- 14,15 Morrisville — "South Pacific" will be presented by the Morrisville High School Students, West Palmer St.
- 15 Telford — Lockwood Galleries, 234 Church Rd. Free films. 8 p.m. "What is Modern Art?", "20th Century Art", and "Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge."
- 16 Newtown — George School, Walton Center, Rt. 412. Sacred music concert by Westminster Chapel Choir 7 P.M.
- 17 Doylestown — Mercer Museum, Elkins Building Auditorium, "Henry Chapman Mercer — The Man and His Work", a talk by Museum Curator Robert R. Macdonald, at 1:30 p.m.

(continued on page 20)



MAXEY DESIGN STUDIO

A most fascinating place is the Maxey Design Studio, located on Route 611 between Plumsteadville and Pipersville. Miki and Steve Maxey have been operating their studio for twenty-four years, next to the lovely home they designed and built themselves.

The Maxeys are well known in Bucks County and, indeed, throughout the country for their accomplishments in the decorative arts. Among the wide range of items that they have created are found crystalin rondells, hand-painted trays, murals, designs such as silk screens for commercial use, and custom designed tiles for fireplaces and kitchens.

The Studio is open from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. every day including Saturday and Sunday, and evenings until 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Many delightful hours could be spent examining the lovely pieces of art on the shelves and counters that border the rooms of the studio. One of the interesting items that almost everyone notices immediately is the beautiful ceramic ware that the Maxeys specialize in. On view are not only the graceful and colorful finished products but also the basis for ceramic ware, the greenware which is to be decorated, glazed, and fired.

Mrs. Maxey has held classes in ceramics at the Studio for the past four years. Both men and women participate in the classes, offered day and evening. The classes are small and students work on an individual basis. Ceramics is a most rewarding hobby and interest in it is growing steadily. There is not much outlay needed and all raw materials, patterns, and kilns are right at the Studio. Mrs. Maxey says she has yet to find a student, even one with no background in the decorative arts, who couldn't make the grade in ceramics.

The Maxeys cordially invite their friends and neighbors in Bucks County to an Open House at the Studio on Sunday, March 23. An exhibition of the students' work will be on display at that time. So, come one and all, on March 23; visit the Maxey Design Studio and meet the charming and talented couple who run it.

(continued from page 9)

if the view is from the west (and the tour promoters are careful that pictures are always made from the desert side) but I saw the pyramids with golf players in the foreground. These players who were with me were, besides Said, Nourredin and Ali, a party of men from the U.S. Embassy. Said and Ali were expert players.

When the 18 holes had been played, we walked beyond the golf course over to "the Village". It is called "Mena Village" but is actually a suburb with 40,000 inhabitants in a compact community of 700 to 800 houses, of stone plastered white, built along winding streets where children played, donkeys carried panniers of fruit and vegetables and the townspeople kept open shops. Many of the houses were built, so I was told, of stones from the vast pyramids, also people actually lived *in* the pyramids. Said's house was not different from the rest — plain exteriors, flat roofs — except perhaps a little larger and had a well in the courtyard entrance. I was invited inside, to the principal room — we would call it the living room, with a high beamed ceiling, small windows, very bare of furniture, two or three divans was all, but there was a large handsome rug on the floor. We all took off our shoes. Then children appeared, three little girls from three to seven years old, and a boy not over two. They were a bit shy of me, but climbed all over Ali and their father, who was obviously devoted to them; he kept the little boy on his lap while we waited for the meal.

Before this was served, we all washed up by having some water from a long-spouted copper pitcher poured over our hands. Nourredin (called Norr or Nour) then laid a mat on the rug, and brought in an enormous brass tray on which were a basin of rice, a duck, a rabbit, a bowl of soup and a plate of sliced pickled squash (I think that is what it was) and tomatoes, which he placed on the mat. Then we four men (for the little girls disappeared at this time) sat down on the rug around the tray of food. Said, as the host, asked me to break up the fowl, I didn't quite understand; so he took it himself and tore it up with his hands, likewise the rabbit, placing the pieces on the bowl of rice. We had spoons and, fortunately, napkins. Watching the others first, I dug into the rice and picked up some duck, also some rabbit — Said called it "rat", I hope by mistake, and it was really deliciously cooked. I was perfectly sincere in saying so, but I made a blunder by asking, when we were about through "Where are the ladies?" — Silence — "You know Said, I thought you were going to introduce me to your wife and mother?"

"The women never eat with the men" was his blunt answer.

Now this wasn't true, for I had seen men and women together in the restaurants many times. But Said was an Arab of the traditional type, so were his wife and mother. Whenever they went out they covered their faces. So they never ate with him, not even his daughters,

although the baby boy could sit on his lap the whole time during the meal.

However, when the repast was over, the ladies came in, carefully dressed in their long Arab robes and scarfs, their feet bare. They were very pretty, the mother especially so, the wife quite fair, but, not speaking English, they were embarrassed. So, after as many compliments on both sides as possible, they left and the party broke up.

The Khattab family is typical of the Orthodox Arab. In a hotel like the Cleopatra, one sees other types; the Dragoman, a tall stately fellow, very dignified and handsomely robed in Kaftan, loose flowing Gerebia, and turban; the waiter, often very dark-skinned, dressed in close-fitting colorful gowns with sashes; the clerk or official, generally of much lighter complexion, immaculately dressed in European clothes; the tourist guests of all descriptions, often sloppily, even incongruously dressed, who, especially the women, make a burlesque show by parading around in costumes designed for the summer mountain camp or the beach, to the amusement of the well behaved Egyptian.

I was fortunate in becoming acquainted with still another type of Egyptian, the college professors and their families, who, on account of their culture and cosmopolitanism are in no way different from the cultured American or English family. I was asked by a physician on the staff of a hospital what were my reactions to Cairo — what disappointments, what surprises I experienced. I answered that the greatest disappointment was not finding camels in the streets (which caused quite a laugh), and the sphinx was rather depressing; there were really very few disappointments. But the surprises were numerous like the golf course at the pyramids, the many cars of every make, the modern buildings, above all, the friendliness of the people. I wish to go on record and say, that no matter of what type or calling, the Egyptian is outstandingly hospitable, sociable, genial, all in all delightful to know, from the traffic cop who tells you to cross the street by saying "alla Malik" (Take it easy) to the hotel manager who says "I hope you like Cairo."



March 29-30

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Between Friends

by Sheila Martin



It's MARCH again — the in-between month, separating winter from spring and often giving us a taste of both during the course of its 31 days.

Of course, to an Irishman, March contains only one day — March 17, St. Patrick's Day. For Irish and non-Irish alike, St. Patrick's Day is a fun day, a sort of devil-may-care day, a day of smiles and pleasant jokes. A colleen with the name of Sheila Eileen Walsh Martin just has to wish all our readers the top of the mornin' on the 17th — and the top of the month for all of March.

Attention, Warminster bookworms. The new location of the Warminster Township Free Library is 380 York Rd.,

just south of Henry Ave. Library hours are Mon. and Wed. 7 to 9 p.m.; Tues., Wed. and Thurs., 9:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., and Sat. 10 to 4.

Students from public and parochial high schools will be the guests of the Bucks County Bar Association at a series of mock trials on each of the four Tuesday nights in March. These reenactments of an actual criminal trial will be held at the courthouse in Doylestown with one of the county judges presiding at each session.

Anyone looking for a new rug should drop in at Barb-Lin's on Rte. 611, north of Doylestown. Even if you aren't looking for a rug, it's fun to see all the beautiful colors and textures of Barb-Lin's carpets. They have the greatest selection of rugs for miles around.

The Spring Season of the Bucks County Theatre Company certainly sounds great. This Company is a professional, resident, non-profit theatre group presenting plays at the Bucks County Playhouse in New Hope. There are student matinees daily during the week at 10:30 a.m. for area school children and plays for the general public on weekends at 8:30 p.m. The plays for March are "Our Town", March 7, 8, 14 and 15, and "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Momma's Hung you in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad" and "American Dream" on March 21, 22, 28



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* * *

Henry Douglas Paxson of Holicong composed the musical drama, "The Conversion of St. Paul," which was performed Feb. 16 at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Doylestown. Mr. Paxson has studied music and composed since he was 15 and is presently the chairman of the board of the Lyric Opera Company and president of the Academy of Vocal Arts.

* * *

The Washington Crossing Foundation has received a gift of \$10,000 from the Frederick Banks Foundation. This gift will be used principally for educational purposes.

* * *

The new building of the Bucks County Association for the Blind and Rehabilitation Center on Route 413, south of Newtown is nearing completion. The brick building of colonial design contains 25,000 square feet of floor space and will have facilities for rehabilitation work for the physically handicapped as well as the blind.

* * *

The washer and drier I bought this winter from Cross Keys Furniture Company in Doylestown have certainly had a severe trial of their efficiency. When my college freshman son came home for the holidays and for the semester-break, he brought several suitcases full of dirty

clothes. (I have the distinct feeling that he saves them for me from holiday to holiday.) My machines have everything, including a cycle for permanent press washing and drying. As a mother of four, I rate permanent press clothes next to the invention of the wheel, in order of importance!

* * *

Attention, rock hounds! The Bux-Mont Mineralogical and Lapidary Society welcomes the public to join their happy organization. I say happy because this is one hobby where everyone enjoys himself thoroughly and is eager to share the fun with others. The meetings of the Society are held at the Community Room of the Hatboro Federal Savings and Loan Company in Warminster. For further details, contact the publicity chairman, Mrs. Samuel Poole at OS 5-0469.

* * *

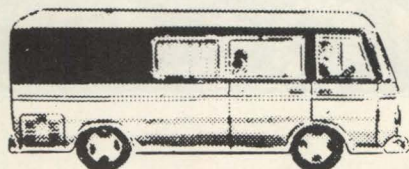
March 18 is the date set for the annual Fashion Show sponsored by the Doylestown Junior Women's Club at the Lenape Junior High School. This is one of the several benefits for the Doylestown Hospital.

* * *

Women interested in a training course for Homemakers should contact the Bucks County Homemaker Service at the Neshaminy Manor Center at DI 3-2800, Ext. 255.

* * *

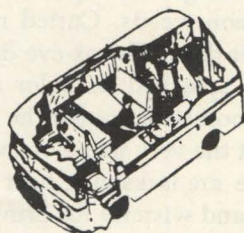
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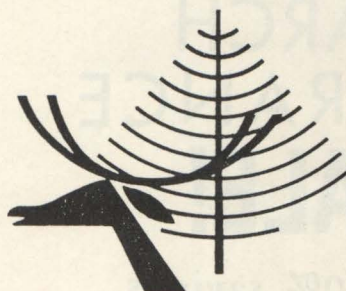
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(continued from page 5)

this last will and testament in manner and form as follows. First, I commend my soul to my great Creator hoping to be saved by the merits of Jesus Christ, and as concerning my worldly estates, I bequeath to my only daughter Mary Fisher 200 pounds of the current money of Pensilvanny, to my grand-daughter Frances Wood (wife of Josiah Wood) 100 pounds, to my grand-daughter Elizabeth English (wife of John English) 100 pounds, to my grand-daughter Hannah Swift 100 pounds, to the Baptist Meeting in Philadelphia 50 pounds, and to my well-beloved grandson Samuel Swift, I do bequeath the plantation I live on with the grist mill known as Albersons Mill on the east side of the Poquessing Creek and the residue of my real and personal estate.

From his will we can tell much about John Swift. He had come to the end of a long and full life still maintaining a vigorous dedication to his faith in God; he gave money to the same Baptist church which had excommunicated him two years earlier; he provided fair and equal bequests to his various grand-daughters, and the affection felt by a man who had outlived his son and centered his attention on his only grandson is observed. (Evidently the grandson Samuel felt no sentiment for the Swift homestead in Southampton as he sold it to Lambert Van Dyke on April 19, 1733.) John Swift was a good example of Southampton's earliest settlers, a man of intelligence, pious, serving his country politically, and living an interesting and active life.



(continued from page 10)

and harvested, as she needed it, hops for making bread, beer, ale, and porter.

Some of the flowers in these early gardens sprang afield, and though once spoken of by poets, now are considered common weeds. Curled mallow was a great ornament in earlier days. The ox-eye daisy became despised by farmers as it splashed its color across pastureland. Moneywort and loosestrife joined the runaways.

But the very name of some flowers continue to enchant. There are larkspurs, heat's ease, lilac to cool a summer's day, and wisteria for bringing memories.

Asphodel lingers in a song, mignonette and violets in memory.

Spring is here, and with it, another chance to capture the scents and colors of an old fashioned garden. Find seeds or plants of heliotrope, lavender, and columbine. Edge vegetable gardens with thyme, sage and mint.

It is the same as having a picture of an old fashioned garden come to life.



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(continued from page 13)

for one year.

Then the judge asked the defendant whether it was true that he owned two Cadillacs, since the defendant had told the court that he has lost money during the past two years.

"I don't think that is anybody's business," said the defendant."

At that remark, the judge decided to change the sentence. "The sentence of this court is that you pay a fine of \$500.00 and \$603.40 costs and serve one week to one year in the Bucks County Prison."

"AND THAT'S my business," the judge informed the defendant as he was escorted to the county prison by a deputy sheriff, very much upset.

* * *

"Today is the first day of the rest of your life," warns Kiwanian Paul Johnson of Seattle. "Make it count."

* * *

DO YOU KNOW: That in the year 1935, Bucks County cigar factories produced enough cigars to put one in the mouth of every man, woman and child in the city of New York and then have a million more left over with which to treat the inhabitants of Greater Boston, which had a population that year of 1,900,000, but not quite enough to supply Philadelphia in addition to New York City.

During the year 1935, approximately 8,053,000 cigars were produced in Bucks County as against 8,599,000 in 1934. The decrease in 1935 was because of the increase in machine-made cigars against the hand-made cigars for which Bucks County was noted for years.

The 8,053,000 Bucks County cigars were made by 146 employees who received \$72,400 in wages and \$20,000 more was paid out by the factories hiring men and women at home.

* * *

IT WAS in Bucks County that "Der Religious Botschaffer," the first Mennonite newspaper in the world was printed. In fact, Bucks County was 120 years old before any newspaper was ever published in the county.

General W.W.H. Davis, for 50 years a noted Doylestown editor, used to say that the first time a Bucks County newspaper was quoted by the London Times was in 1856. Samuel J. Paxson, proprietor of the Democrat, got out an extra when Buchanan was elected President of the United States. In a big headline, Paxson said: "An old bachelor in the White House and all the old maids tickled to death."



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DOYLESTOWN

(continued from page 7)

The aromatic roots of the spikenard was used in preparations that began in ancient China. For thousands of years, this species of valerian has been highly prized by Orientals for perfumes and bathing. Its extract was equally valued for use in burial spices.

On a light note, there were sassafras and spicewood for tea, lavender to be gathered and dried and placed amongst clothing for sweet scenting and also against moths.



Modern medicines naturally brought a decline in the usage of medicinal herbs in the home. The recipes for the quaint and many times effective remedies have mostly been lost. The herbs still grow along a roadside, by a stream, or in the remnant of a garden. But few know their name, or their past service to mankind. Modern medicine makes use of many plants, among them digitalis and wintergreen, but the homemade poultices and brews of yesterday have given way to capsules and injections, pills and modern therapy.

(continued from page 14)

- 18-31 Warminster — Fischer & Porter Co., County Line Rd. Art Exhibit — Old York Road Art Guild, Mon. thru Fri. 8:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
- 21,22 New Hope — Bucks County Theatre Co. at the Bucks Co. Playhouse "American Dream" and "Oh Dad, Poor Dad" Thurs. 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m., Fri. 10:30 a.m. and 8:30 p.m. and Sat. 8:30 p.m. (Sat. Mar. 22, 2:00 p.m.), For tickets — Box 223, New Hope 18938 or call 215-862-2022. Rates for groups.
- 21 to April 3 New Hope — Annual Arts Festival, Solebury School, programs are scheduled daily.
- 21,22 Warminster — The County Choraliers — 12th Annual Spring Concert — Log College Jr. High School, Norristown Rd. 8:30 p.m. Tickets \$1.50 for adults, \$.50 for students.
- 27,28 Sellersville — Twirlings of the Quakertown Hospital will sponsor the Annual Antique Show, at the VFW, Old Bethlehem Pike — 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.

IT'S TEA FOR THE IRISH— AND EVERYONE ELSE!



For St. Patrick's Day, here's a beguiling cake created in The Lipton Kitchens. Start with a ready pound-cake mix; add instant tea to the batter for good taste and a lovely marble effect. Glaze the top with easy lemon icing and serve it with Irish Tea.

IRISH TEA

In heated teapot, place 5 Lipton Flo-Thru Tea Bags; pour on 1 quart fresh, bubbling, boiling water. Brew 3 to 5 minutes. Remove tea bags; stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Angostura bitters, 2 tablespoons granulated sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cups Irish whiskey (optional). Makes 1 quart (5 to 6 servings).

LEMON GLAZE

In small bowl blend $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 tablespoon water until smooth.

(Note: For 1 package cake mix, make as package directs and use 2 tablespoons Lipton Instant Tea powder and 1 tablespoon water; bake in a 6-cup ring mold for 1 hour, or until cake tests done. Use same glaze recipe.)

MARBLED TEA SHAMROCK CAKE

Preheat oven to 325°F. Empty 2 packages of pound cake mix into large bowl; prepare as label directs. Then, in medium bowl, dissolve $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Lipton Instant Tea powder in 2 tablespoons water; add half of batter, blend well. Spoon plain and tea mixtures alternately into well greased 3-quart bundt pan (or 10" tube pan). With spatula cut through batter for marbled effect. Bake 1 hour and 30 minutes, or until cake tests done. Cool in pan 30 minutes. Loosen edges and invert on rack. Cool thoroughly. Place rack on cookie sheet. Spoon Lemon Glaze (left) over top of cake. Scrape icing from cookie sheet and spoon over cake again. Cut shamrock shapes from gumdrops with wet knife. Use to garnish top of cake, if desired. Makes about 24 slices of cake.

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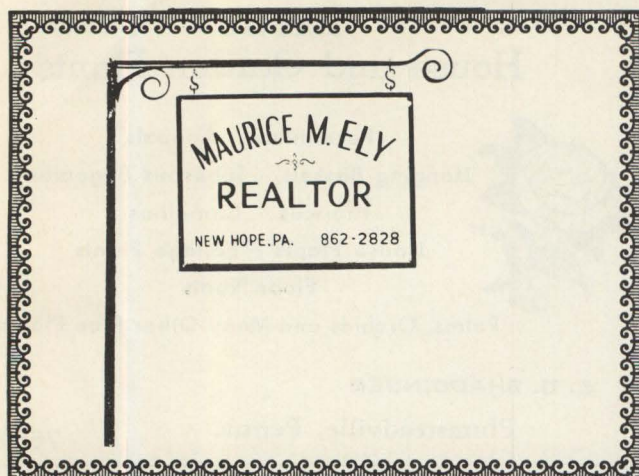
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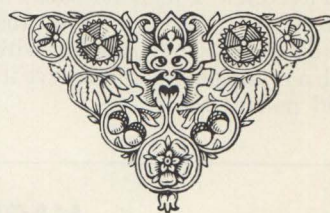
(continued from page 6)

made history as the first woman Council member in the
 century old church.

A typical day begins for her with the telephone ringing
 in the sun-lit office she maintains at the rear of her little
 white cottage. All sorts of people call to see if she is
 available for luncheon dates, to attend meetings, buy
 tickets for concerts, to solve minor legal problems, fill
 out forms, make business appointments. There is also a
 steady flow of people in and out all day. Animals come
 too! The neighbor's dog pays a daily social call. Birds
 gather in great numbers at the feeder near her door.

Mrs. Summerfield rarely travels too far from home. Much
 as she would like to "see the world", her home means too
 much to her. "All the while I was teaching in the city, it
 was always a great joy to me to come home to the clean
 countryside. I had a little vacation every day; the con-
 trast was so great."

Does Mrs. Summerfield have any suggestions to offer
 other retirees? "I can't give anyone any better advice
 than I've given myself," she says. "Plan ahead. Keep so
 busy learning and producing and enjoying that you never
 have time to be lonely or bored."



COVER STORY

Lakeside, oldest house in the borough of Yardley, was
 begun by William Yardley, founder, before his death and
 completed by his nephew, Thomas Yardley in 1728 and
 used as his residence. Standing on a slight rise of ground,
 it overlooks Lake Afton, one of Yardley's most charming
 attractions.

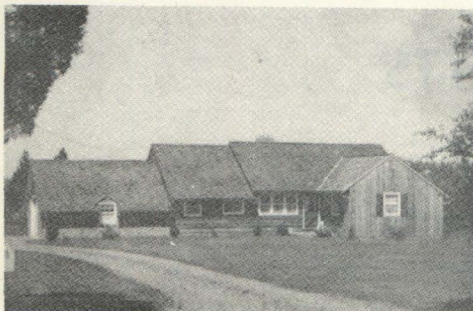
Founded in October, 1682, the borough antedates both
 Trenton and Philadelphia and was settled through a grant
 of land from William Penn to William Yardley. Many of
 his descendants still live in the area and several take ac-
 tive part in the work of the Colonial Yardley Historic
 Association as it conducts various projects toward its
 restoration plan.

Next on their calendar will be the showing of choice
 fabric samples donated by three New York houses;
 Scalandre's Silks, Greeff Fabrics, and F. Schumacher.
 This will be at Lanrick Manor, 137 South River Road,
 Yardley. There will also be gifts fashioned from some of
 the fabrics and colonial handcrafts as well as demonstra-
 tions of several early American crafts. This affair will
 take place on Saturday, March 29th, between 10 a.m.
 and 5 p.m.

SPRING

Comes To Bucks County

real estate

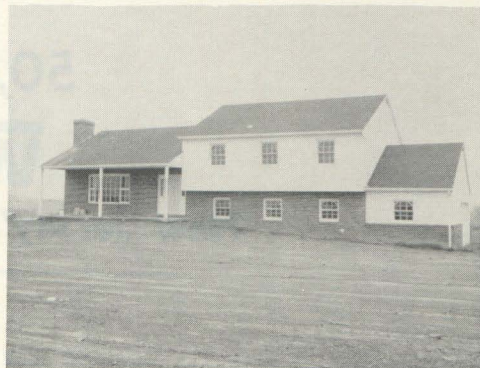


2 ACRES WITH VIEW

A most attractive and unique house with colonial atmosphere about 4 years old. The house has an entrance foyer, living room with fireplace, dining room and lovely modern kitchen which has colonial type wood cabinets, double stainless steel sink, dishwasher, garbage disposal unit, lazy susan, built in snack bar, and outside exhaust fan. The master bedroom is 15x15 with full tile bath. There are two other good size bedrooms with tile bath and a stairway to a large expandable attic. The heat is 2 zone hot water oil baseboard. Other features are random width thick oak floors, sliding thermopane doors overlooking panoramic view, full basement and two car garage. Reasonable at \$35,000.

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SMALL COUNTRY ESTATE

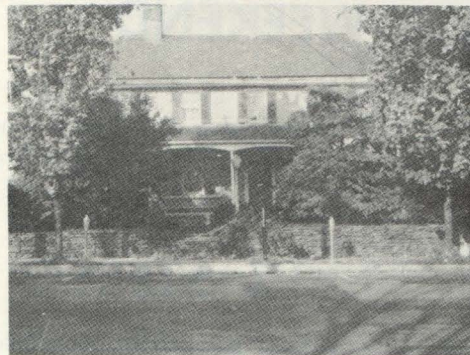
On 3 acres, 175' back from the road on a knoll and overlooking historic park area in Solebury Township. Spaciousness the keynote, much fine detailing found only in a custom built house, marble fireplace in living room, another in family room; flagstone floor in kitchen and twin ovens. Mastersuite 22x16 with its own marble bath; 18x24, 12x16 are the other bedrooms, 2nd bathroom. Full basement. Attached 2 car garage. \$49,500.

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